6/19/73

Dear Dick,

My phone call at noon today had nothing to do with yesterday's meetings. It was because I had written Feltrinelli's widow after you wrote and said there seemed to be no prospect. I know him and he was my Italian publisher.

I wanted to reply immediately for a number of reasons. One is cleaning things up so I can write with minimum interruption. Another is because I will be getting visitors tomorrow and the day will be killed.

If we will want other copies of the manuscript and would reduce the cost of making copies, then the sets of NCR paper about which I asked you to ask your secretary to inquire should be increased to whatever number would be legible.

In this morning's mail I sent Roy a copy of the Dell edition of WHITEWASH and a blacker copy of my correspondence with John Dean, special delivery. He asked for both. When you speak to him, if it is no big deal, I'd like that book back. It is my last spare copy and that edition is out of print. Because I have only one copy of the fourth printing, while I'd have preferred to send that I didn't.

Your secretary asked me to call back. I feared you were having a very busy day when you did not phone me after you got into the office this morning.

Comart and Gross both made a number of references to selling the book back to the United States. Finally I said you had spoken to me about German rights only and that I would leave all such matters entirely up to you. I'd rather sell them the German rights only, as I believe you intend.

When Comart poor-mouthed about an advance, I told him about this that I would leave all such details up to you and would agreed to what you recommend.

He was kind and a pleasant host. I found our conversations interesting and worthwhile. I got so interested in them that it was not until I was returning that I realized that what I had thought was a small chicken was probably a younger than usual duckling. It and the rest of the abundant meal were fine, but I was too tired to have much apetite. For supper I had only a small bowl of clam chowder.

Sanford Greenburger used to rep Feltrinelli and Rowoldt. When last I saw him he seemed to be in poor health. His office was in the building on the northeast corner of 59 and Madison, if you want to talk to him about Italian rights. If I hear anything further from Mrs. Feltrinelli, I will refer to you again or send copies.

Sincerely,